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EXOTIQUE. . . .

. . . dedicated to FASHIONS,  
FADS and FANCIES. . . .

No. 24

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE ISSUE

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Here we are once again with our 'Special Correspondence Edition'. It seems as though there are a great number of readers who doubt that we do actually receive the letters that we quote in our pages. Well, I wish that there were some way in which we could prove it to each and every one of these 'doubting Thomases'. Unfortunately, however, we cannot do this so you'll just have to take our word for it. As a matter of fact, we receive many more letters than we could possibly use. A tentative plan is to issue a special two or three-hundred page Correspondence Digest one of these days and thereby catch up on our tremendous backlog. Until then . . .

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Dear Ed:

How about occasionally publishing something for us water fans who go for stories and drawings of girls wading or swimming with all their clothes on? Nothing is quite as exciting as a lovely girl clad in a wet and shimmering dress that clings to every curve of her body. To make the picture complete, she should also be wearing stockings, shoes and, of course, gloves.

I greatly enjoy your stories and articles on shoes, stockings, gloves and corsets, but somehow I just can't get with the idea of boots - even ultra-high beeled ones.

Another one of my desires is . . . bloomers. My idea of an out-of-the-world pic would be one showing a girl swimming while attired in a bra, bloomers, rolled-stockings, kid gloves and, naturally, patent-leather pumps. Also, the idea of two fully-dressed females wrestling in the water, sounds rather fascinating. I'm sure that one of your excellent artists could satisfy my yearnings.

Many, many thanks for a fine publication. Just keep up the good work and I'm sure that



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you will be more than repayed for your efforts.

R.M.S., Indianapolis.

If that's what you're looking for, try reading our Photo-Fiction edition of "Mayhem in Mud." But just in case you haven't read it, how about the drawing on Pg. 7? . . Ed.

Editor:

This brief but sincere note is intended to acknowledge receipt of our very first edition of your highly provocative publication, EXOTIQUE.

We both assuredly appreciate the advent of each issue as they appear to be ideally dedicated to the Bizarre and the Unusual in Fashions, Fads and, in particular - Fetishes!

My lovely, naturally blonde wife is equally devoted to my fascinating love for the sight, sound, smell, and especially the exciting feel of pure RUBBER. We have been married for almost eight years now and I initiated her into

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the thrilling ecstasies of being adorably adorned in rapturous rubber many years ago. Even before this, however, she admittedly derived innocent pleasure from wearing various all-rubber garments back in her early 'teens'. She now shares my desire to obtain an all-rubber wardrobe. She does have several rubber sheaths and at least a dozen pairs of latex panties at the present time, but during the coming year we hope to get many more items.

We are looking forward to each and every issue hoping for some photos of rubber clad men and women.

Mr. & Mrs. L.M., N.Y.C.

Perhaps the photo on Pg. 10 will hold you for a little while at least. Some very interesting shots are scheduled for a forthcoming issue. Watch for them. . . . Ed.

Dear Editor:

Where in London can I see a chastity-girdle -



"Lady in Rubber" . . . See letter from Mr. & Mrs.  
L. M. . . . Pg. 9

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the kind in which 'knights of old' locked up their fair ladies while they were off to the Crusades?

In your opinion, were these cast iron undies sufficient to keep the lady true to her spouse?

B.H.P., London, England.

The British Museum and the Tower of London both have these mediaeval exhibits. We can't say if they were effective, but just as there were locksmiths in those times, so there must have been lock-pickers, too, and a determined and amorous lady left alone for years no doubt took advantage of the fact. Hence the old saying: "Love laughs at locksmiths." . . . Ed.

Dear Ed:

I have often read about your readers' proud boasts concerning their tiny waists, high-heels, and ear adornments, but in practically no cases was photographic evidence brought forward to

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substantiates the story. With the small waist, long earrings and the ultra high heel so popular, I am surprised to find so little news about these things in EXOTIQUE, and no photographs at all from the readers.

To remove any cynical doubts in your mind, I am enclosing two photographs taken of my wife, showing her tiny (14 - inch) waist, high heels (5 -- inch) and bizarre ear adornments. She claims, and not without good evidence, to possess the smallest waist in this country.

Does it affect her health? She sits very well, works hard and drives a sports car. . . . I'll let you guess her actual age.

R.G., Los Angeles, Calif.

We are pleased to reproduce your photographs. There can be no doubt as to the validity of your claim. We welcome any challenges to the title. We also show you one of the latest high heel designs by Christian Dior. The slender five inch heel of this satin shoe tapers sharply, and the



Mrs. R.G. . . . See letter on Pg. 12.

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heel is actually a miniature golf ball studded with rhinestones. This golf ball tip screws on and off, according to Madame's whim. Ask your wife what she thinks of these, but don't blame us if she asks for a pair. . . . Ed,



Dear Ed:

I am a 40 year old wife. My husband, Billy, is 30. For some years, matters have gone from bad to worse. My husband can't seem to hold a

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job. To make matters worse, I caught him holding a sweet young thing on his lap at a party. During the ensuing argument, he confessed to me that he had "horrored" some funds from his last employer and might even end up in jail. I finally realized that I had the "goods" on him at last.

I had a talk with my mother about the situation and she advised me on what course to follow. He had no choice but to go along with my idea.

My husband was given the name of "Bessie" . . . and he is my personal MAID! Each morning he must arise early and start his housework. He must wear a common cotton housedress, heavy cotton stockings, a wig, 'falsies' and a pair of tight pink bloomers. When I have a "hen" party, he is dressed up in a French maid's costume consisting of a short black satin dress, very high heeled patent leather pumps, long black nylon stockings - held up by a frilly lace garter-belt. His panties are lace trimmed and when he stoops over to pick something up, he gives us girls a delightful view of bare legs above the sticking tops and lacy ruffles.. He must wait on all the



girls and we insist that he curtsy when he is spoken to.

On Sunday, he is laced up in a full-length satin corset. Over this he wears a pink party dress with a pink sash around his waist.

This has been going on for at least six months or more now and, if you ask me, Billy loves it!

Mrs. W.S., Chicago, Ill.

Dear Editor:

I am enclosing a clipping from the London, Daily Mail of Sept. 12, 1957. Thought you might be interested in it.

I enjoy every issue of your wonderful little magazine and can hardly wait for the next issue to arrive. I am also enclosing my check to cover a subscription to Exotique. I wouldn't want to miss a single copy.

K.H., London, England.

Dear Ed:

I was pleased to see the 19th edition of

## The model who fooled London



JOHN RICE



LAURA STENNING

By Daily Mail Reporter

**LAURA STENNING**, a London, 28-year-old model, tripped into the parlours of **BRUCE**, alias, **Maxwell**, when at Top Ten London designer **Frederic** **Marke** was asked for a job.

"I would like to work for you," she said, "and I am, of course, a model. I am a model in the sense of the word."

Mr. Marke, the well-known and successful designer, was asked to give her a job.

For the previous night, during the London Fashion Week, she had been seen in a dress which was described as "the most beautiful dress I have ever seen."

Mr. Marke, who had been asked to give her a job, was asked to give her a job.

**Her bombshell**

When asked to give her a job, she was asked to give her a job.

She was asked to give her a job, and she was asked to give her a job.

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**New divine**

It is reported that the model of the **BRUCE** model.

"I have been in a dress which was described as 'the most beautiful dress I have ever seen.'"

By the way, the model of the **BRUCE** model.

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EXOTIQUE on the stands this week, and was equally pleased that you had been nice enough to include my last letter in your correspondence section. My wife, Betty, got a big kick out of reading what I had written.

In my letter, I told you something about my wife's interest in disproving the old adage about women being the weaker sex. I thought perhaps you might be interested in more details about this amazing woman, and about some of her impromptu wrestling contests at late evening house parties which we often attend.

In our close circle of friends, most of the husbands have, at one time or another, been goaded into a match with Betty, and she has defeated them all. So the usual pattern for the evening is for the girls to get Betty aside and talk her into putting on a demonstration provided the women can secure a husband as an opponent. They usually settle on an extroverted young man who probably thinks quite highly of himself. Always, he is a newcomer to the group. Then the girls maneuver the conversation around to a discussion of - you guessed it - the weaker (?) sex.

Eventually, the too-talkative young husband has made so many statements that he has managed to put his foot in his mouth. When it's too late for him to decline, the proposal is presented; the center of the room is cleared; and the surprised young man finds himself facing a grim and determined Amazon standing just a shade over six - four in her heels.

Betty's tactics are usually the same. She quickly immobilizes her victim and puts him into a punishing hold so that he is forced to "give-up" or suffer the consequences. She then asks the wife if she wants her husband released or if she wishes him "taught a lesson." Usually the wife shares her husband's embarrassment and asks Betty to let him go. Occasionally, however, the guests are in for a rare treat when the victim's wife gives Betty the "go-ahead" to completely humiliate her spouse.

One such occasion presented itself a month or so ago. The "smart-alecky" husband was about 29 years old. Betty has just passed her 35th milestone. She outweighed her opponent by about 20 pounds (Betty tips the scales at 172.)

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and stood 7-inches taller in her  $4\frac{1}{2}$  - inch heels.

Betty had taken her adversary to the carpet with an elementary wrestling hold, and, slipping into a neat wrist-lock, she made him say "uncle" within 40-seconds. Betty asked the wife the usual question and the answer was, "Go ahead and tame him for me, Betty!"

Releasing her hold, Betty permitted her opponent to get to his feet. They clasped hands and it was a matter of male strength against female muscles as each tried to bend the others wrist. For a minute they struggled silently, then slowly the man's wrists began to waver. Relentlessly, Betty forced his hands backwards, and soon had him on his hands and knees - once again at her mercy. A powerful shove in the mid-section with her knee sent him sprawling backwards, and then Betty was astride his chest, pinning his shoulders with her knees.

Try as he might, the young man couldn't unseat his junoesque tormentor. Betty asked for lipstick and rouge, and then proceeded to paint his face in a bizarre manner. Then she quickly released him, but not before she maneuvered

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him into a double finger-lock with both his hands imprisoned painfully in Betty's strong grip. Betty paraded him thusly around the room, stopping before each woman to humiliate him further.

Finally, Betty forced him to a sitting position on the floor. Directly behind him she sat down and moved her long, lovely legs into her favorite hold - a spine-shattering body scissors. Betty put on the pressure until he must have felt as though he were being cut in half. There she held him while his struggles became progressively weaker and weaker, until finally he offered no resistance at all. Tears stained his cheeks, and he was actually sobbing uncontrollably. Betty asked his wife if she thought he'd had enough, and we were all surprised when the wife answered in the negative. Betty laughed and released the poor man anyway.

All in all, Betty is quite a gal. Don't you agree?

R.W., New York City

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We most certainly do agree. But bow about sending us a few photos of your amazing Betty? The photo which we have reproduced below was sent to us by a subscriber in Paris. It appears as though female wrestlers are a part of life throughout the world. . . . Ed.



Dear Editor:

I've wanted to write to your magazine for several weeks, but I seemed to have lacked the nerve. However, this is an opportune moment, so here goes . . . .

When I was stationed in Chicago, I met a girl whom I grew to like very much. About a year after our introduction we happened to be sitting in her apartment with nothing to do. She finally came up with an idea. . . . "J---, why don't you let me dress you up as a girl?" Inasmuch as this was one of my suppressed desires, I readily agreed. If I must blow my own horn, I turned out quite nicely. Since that night most of my idle hours have been spent in woman's attire.

Last week was the climax of my adventure. We had a costume ball to attend and it was decided that I would go dressed as a woman. For the occasion I wore a padded bra, white nylon panties, combination waist-nipper and garter belt and, of course, sheer dark nylon stockings. My feet were encased in a wonderful pair of red leather pumps with 4-inch spike heels. I then donned a red satin sheath skirt and a beaut-

iful white nylon blouse. I applied make-up very carefully because this would be my most distinguishing feature in public. I wore pancake powder, eyeshadow, mascara, lipstick and just a touch of perfume. To culminate the effect, I wore a blonde page-boy wig and a pair of rhinestone earrings. Just before leaving I put on a pair of elbow length red satin gloves.

A word about my companion. . . . Jeanne was decked out in a perfectly fitted black kid-skin corset that just did manage to cover the peaks of her exciting breasts. The garter straps which hung from the corset were attached to a pair of midnight-black nylons . . . . In addition, she wore a pair of highly polished knee-length lace boots with 5-inch heels. To finish off this devastating picture, Jeanne slipped on a pair of above-the-elbow kid gloves and a silk top hat.

Together we taxied to the party and I had complete control of my composure as I presented myself to the other guests. Most of them just gave me a swift glance and went on their way.

I am really looking forward to a second

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outing with Jeanne. In the meantime, however, I will be looking for more stories and articles dealing with this exciting subject.

J.B., Atlantic City, N. J.

Dear Tana:

As one of your ardent and devoted fans, I want to tell you how much I appreciate your magazine. I dearly love all the costumes you model and eagerly await each issue. My weakness ever since I can remember has been for those beautiful and breathtaking slippers with the lovely high - rapier thin heels. Why I'm crazy about smart shoes with spike heels I'll never know, but like many other men it is deep-rooted within me.

I guess over the past ten years I have bought about fifteen or twenty pairs of shoes with heels ranging from 3-inches to over 6-inches. Right now, as I write this letter, I have - in front of me - a smart pair of patent leather pumps with a full 6-inch heel.

My foremost desire is to be around a girl

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like yourself who wears ultra high heeled shoes - drenched in perfume. To see, smell and even feel these symbols would be the ultimate in pleasure for me.

What I'm waiting for is for you to advertise some of these shoes such as are featured in EXOTIQUE. I would love to purchase at least one pair that I have seen you wear. To have - close to me - a pair of sleek slippers would be almost as pleasant as having you there in person.

Just pass this letter on to those who can understand a man who will always be insane over beautiful girls attired in leather and wearing shoes with delicate, thin, straight, tall, black, neat, firm, devastating, incredible high and horribly sharp FRENCH HEELS!!!

E.W., Los Angeles, Calif.

We would suggest that you send us \$1.00 for our latest Costume Catalog (C-30). This issue features many many pairs of high and ultra-high heeled shoes of many



SHOES . . . . SHOES . . . . SHOES . . . . SHOES



. . . . . AND MORE SHOES!

different types and styles. In the meantime, perhaps the photos on pgs. 28 and 29 will keep you happy. . . . Ed.

Dear Ed:

Having been an ardent reader of EXOTIQUE almost since its inception, I have finally decided to take this opportunity to pass on a little of my good fortune to your readers. At this moment, I am propped up in bed (with the flu) so have ample time to compose this letter. If my mistress (wife, as you will soon see) o.k.'s this letter, we will post it to you together.

Following the advice of a very good friend, I held off marriage until I found a girl who would permit my indulgence in my continual desire to be clothed in female attire, and to be kept, as far as possible, as a personal-maid servant. As a word of encouragement to some of your readers who have written in that this is what they are looking for. . . . it does happen! And so, you find me now, propped up in bed, wearing a frilly blue "shorty" nightgown, an inflatable bra, garter-belt and nylons. Around my right ankle is a heavy

chrome "Slave Bracelet" which is fastened together by means of a small lock. Beside my bed are two pairs of shoes; one, a pair of clear plastic "Springolators" with four-inch heels; the others are severe black patent pumps with six-inch heels. They have closed toes, but the back is open. Scattered elsewhere about the apartment are other bits of feminine lingerie, either my wife's or my own. All male clothing is put away, and it only comes out when it becomes necessary for me to don it for work or to go out in public. Even then, underneath, I am clothed in the nylon stockings, panties and other things that I prefer.

I have always maintained a rather complete female wardrobe, and even before my marriage, my wife was aware of, and acquiescent to my desires in dress and behaviour. As soon as the real obstacle of determining her attitude towards my desires was passed successfully, I habitually wore female clothing whenever we were alone together. During our period of courtship, it was not at all unusual for her to bring me some little gift such as a pair of nylons, a new garter belt or a pair of panties. Now that we are married,



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we share parts of our wardrobe, but both have certain likes and dislikes, too. For example, she prefers seamless stockings while I prefer dark seams. Although I can and have worn her bras, I have my own inflatable and permanently padded sets.

Perhaps my greatest regret is that this relationship cannot be continued in the presence of our acquaintances. Rather than hurrying me into pants, sports shirt and 'loafers' upon the arrival of guests, I would so much rather answer the door dressed in my special 'French Maid's' outfit.

So you can see that even one who has found happiness in the ability to serve a loving wife as a personal maid, there is always more to wish for. In my case it is the overwhelming desire to have my status and desires recognized by all.

L.B., Seattle, Wash.

Dear Ed:

Men readers who, like me, suffer from fallen arches and aching feet may be interested



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In the method by which I get relief. My feet being small, one night I slipped on my wife's high-heeled shoes and walked about in them for fun. Imagine my surprise to feel blissful relief in my aching dogs. Now I wear her high-heeled shoes every night in the privacy of our home, and can honestly say that when I wear my own shoes next day my feet do not ache nearly as much.

D.C., Copenhagen, Den.

It is because the high-heels lift the instep and make a "false arch" which gives support and relieves the ache in certain muscles which is caused by fallen arches. . . . Ed.

Dear Editor:

Recently a friend of mine let me read his copy of EXOTIQUE and I enjoyed it very much.

I was glad to find that there are other men who get a kick out of wearing women's lingerie. Ever since I can remember, I used to take a pair of my sister's panties and wear them whenever I got a chance.

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Later, as I grew older, I bought my own panties and even rayon nighties. After I got married, I asked my wife one day if I could put on a pair of her panties and she agreed. Later I told her that I had worn them before and I enjoyed them very much. She has been very understanding and said that she will help me to acquire a complete feminine wardrobe of my own.

Now, when she goes shopping for undergarments, she always gets me a few items.

I would like to see more articles in your wonderful magazine about men who like to dress in women's clothing. There is nothing that can beat the feel of intimate undergarments next to the skin.

R.S., Warren, Mich.

Dear Ed:

EXOTIQUE is the finest magazine I have ever seen. It is so bizarre and so very unusual. The photographs, drawings, stories, articles - all form a wonderful combination to be read and re-read.

There is one suggestion I have. Being a

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very enthusiastic boot-fan myself, it strikes me that you only publish items of spike-beeled and laced or buttoned boots. Could you, for a change, publish some photos of knee-length riding-boots such as a well-dressed borsewoman would wear? I guess this would be more the European style, but should also interest the American readers. While high-beeled boots are definitely finer made and more stylish, the flat-beeled boots also have their place. . . . especially for the more active pursuits. . . . either with or without spurs. In contrast with the high-beeled boots, the riding boots with their stiff lining form a sort of symbol of concentrated force, passionate strength and strong violence.

Therefore I kindly request that you check through your files for photos of pretty models featuring knee-length riding boots on bare legs, rolled stockings or net hose. . . . with or without spurs. . . . riding crop in gloved hand. . . . etc. Show us a haughty Amazon, a fierce borsewoman, a cruel cowgirl, a merciless female jockey, . . . Gypsy, Hungarian or Russian girls. . . . bucaner girls, pirate queens, jungle mistresses. . . .

Thank you in anticipation. Yours is a most



Boots for H.V. . . . . They needn't always have  
High - Heels . . . .



More for H.V. of Amsterdam . . . see pg. 35.

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wonderful and satisfying publication. Keep up the excellent work.

H.V., Amsterdam, Holland

The photos on pg. 37 and the drawing on pg. 38 are all we could dig up at the present time. We will see what we can do about getting more shortly. . . . Ed.

Dear Ed:

My wife and I read your wonderful little magazine whenever it comes out. Since reading of the couple who reversed places - the wife assuming the husband's obligations and the husband taking over the wifely duties - we both decided to do much the same.

We devised a schedule of week-ends in which we reversed our normal husband dominated household. Then the issue arrived showing an illustration of a husband wearing long earrings. This idea appealed to my wife, and soon I found myself thusly adorned - with a pink satin ribbon in my hair as an added feature.

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Soon I was wearing huge hoop earrings and no less than three bows in my hair. I began to wish that I had never brought EXOTIQUE into the house. I had to run for cover every time the doorbell rang. This gave my wife a big laugh, and she began to try to think of new ways to make me less comfortable and more under her discipline.

Up to now I have not been exposed to any ones gaze except my wife, but she is already threatening to invite some of her girl friends over to see her "tamed husband." I don't think I could stand that humiliation, but I'm afraid that it's going to happen . . . soon.

S.S., Syracuse, N. Y.

Dear Ed:

I have read a lot about the art of figure training, but I wonder if any reader has ever worn a corset made of wood?

I was a hostage during the last war, in a prison camp, and having always needed strong corsets, when mine fell to rags, I was even more miserable than the other woman prisoners

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who were not used to such stringent lacing. Corsets were unavailable, of course, so I stripped bark from a tree, and sewed a stout wood panel over my old corset foundation to hold in my tummy. Then I inserted strips of the bark round my narrow waist-line part, at front, back and sides, and with bits of old tin cans and wrappings from Red Cross parcels I made crude eyelet holes, bindings and laces for my wooden corset. There was very little recognizable when I had finished of what had once been an expensive custom-made, tight-waisted corset, and the complete article looked like a rag bag, but it held me like a vise. My vital statistics, despite a starvation diet, were 38-19-40. Reason? The tightness of the wooden corset waist pushed out my hips and bosom and really gave me a figure as well as good support.

I thought this might interest those readers who complain that they can't find the type of corset that they need. Determination and ingenuity can accomplish wonders - I know - I did it.

Mrs. J.P., Manchester,

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Thank you for a fascinating and factual report, Mrs. P. I wish we had some shots of this amazing corset creation, but no chance of that. We'll all have to be satisfied with the next best thing . . . an 'bonest-to-goodness' Steel Corset. This sounds almost unbelievable, but here's the undisputable proof. The photos on pg. 43 are authentic enough. . . . Ed.

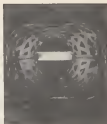
Dear Ed:

For years now I have attempted to become 'all man' . . . but no success. My utmost desire is to dress in feminine attire and to pass as a woman.

I have no desires for any type of relationship with men, being quite normal in that respect. But I'd just love to find a woman who could understand my ways and respect them.

I am 27 years old - stand 5' 10" tall. Right now, as I write this, I am wearing a pair of pink lace panties, a pink (padded) bra, a pink and black 'Merry Widow' corset and a pink satin slip. My stockings are grey with black

(B)



(A)

(C)



A 14-inch waisted - STEEL CORSET . . . .

A -- Front View. . . B--Top View . . .

C --- In use. . .

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seams. I am also wearing a black satin skirt and a pink cashmere sweater. My shoes are black patent-leather ankle-strap pumps with full 6-inch heels. I feel so natural in my female clothes. I would also just love to have a real wasp-waisted corset.

I am enclosing a photo of myself wearing the outfit described in the above paragraph. I sincerely hope you can find a spot for it in an early issue.

Also enclosed is a check for a subscription to EXOTIQUE. I certainly wouldn't want to miss a single issue.

R.H., Dallas, Tex.



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CORRESPONDENCE ISSUE

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Dear Editor:

My girl friend and I have argued over a single issue for the past six years or more. We both are avid readers of EXOTIQUE and have decided to submit the issue to you for arbitration. . . . Which do men prefer - rolled stockings - above the knees, of course. . . . or tightly-gartered hose?

I myself wouldn't be caught dead without my corset, girdle or garter-belt tightly and firmly holding up my wrinkle-less stockings. Irene, my girl friend, however, feels differently about it. She is of the opinion that a slight glimpse of white flesh over a tightly-rolled stocking top is enough to set any man - a - panting. What is your opinion on this subject?

Misses J.C. and T.R., Miami

Well girls. . . I'm afraid that's quite a problem and there's much to be said on both sides. Suppose we leave it up to our readers. . . . What do you think? Write in and let us know your feelings. Just to help, we're including the photo on pg. 46.



Stockings . . . Rolled or Gartered; . . . How  
do you vote? ? ? ? See letter from J.C. & T.R.

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## CORRESPONDENCE ISSUE

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Dear Ed!

Shortly after starting to read your most unusual and interesting little publication, I started to adopt some of the Fads and Fancies which you prescribe. In particular, I have become an ardent devotee of the tightly-constricted waistline. I bought my first lace-up corset about six months ago and I have already managed to whittle almost five-inches off of my waistline.

My favorite corset is a white satin number that extends from about four-inches below my hips to just under the bust. Wearing this corset my waist (regularly 24-inches) is cut down to just over 19-inches. Photos A & B are of this favorite.

Photos C & D are my lace-trimmed red satin corselette. This number also cuts down my waist to the same 19-inches. The metal band shown in photos C, D, E & F was made for a purpose. It measures exactly 19-inches in circum, and was designed as a sort of 'goal' for me to try and attain. As you see, I made it.

Feel free to use any or all of the enclosed shots.

Miss A.L., New York





← (A)

(B) →



← (C)

See letter from Miss A.L. . . . pg. 47.



← (D)

(E) →



← (F)

More from Miss A.L. . . .

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CORRESPONDENCE ISSUE

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Dear Ed:

The enclosed photo appeared in a recent issue of the local newspaper. It seems as though the tightly-corsetted waist is back in style. Now if only the lace-up hoot woud make an appearance on the pages of the fashion magazines, I'd be a completely satisfied man.

Thanks for a most interesting and thought-provoking publicatiom.

E.W., Providence, R.I.



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CORRESPONDENCE ISSUE

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Dear Editor:

A million thanks. Thanks to your forceful publication, I have finally been able to convince my girl friend that I'm not a hopeless "weird character." I have always tried to interest her in wearing the highest heels, the tightest corsets and clothing and the sheerest stockings, but it looked pretty hopeless.

Finally, I placed a subscription to EXOTIQUE in her name and Lo and Behold. Now it is she who leads the way. Hardly a week goes by now when she doesn't show up with a new pair of ultra-high heels, a new corset or some type of bizarre dress.

The enclosed photos will show you what I mean. The dress is satin and "skin-tight." The shoes are patent-leather with  $4\frac{1}{2}$  - inch spike heels. What do you think of her?

R.T., Des Moines, Iowa,

Wow!!!!!! Ed.



See letter from R.T. on pg. 51 . . . .

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## CORRESPONDENCE ISSUE

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Editor:

Your magazine fills a need among people of sophisticated tastes and open minds. Naturally, not all of its material would appeal to all readers; for instance, such items as boots, leather and rubber clothing, riding outfits, and highly "bizarre" party-costumes hold little interest for me. But I am more than compensated by the fascinating stories and letters regarding the "battle of the sexes" for supremacy. I particularly like those in which the female has won her campaign and rises proudly over a vanquished male to relegate him to the role and duties of the "weaker sex."

Yes, I would like to join the ranks of those men who write about their desire to find a lovely Amazon who is capable of putting them under the "bondage" of their dominating will. I think the ideal situation would be to find such a girl friend or wife, who would like a conventional arrangement throughout the week, but to switch around their positions on the week-ends. This would give her an opportunity to effect a complete "turn-about" in which I would have to submit to her orders for the period - night and day - and in any role which she selects. . . . particularly as a

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## CORRESPONDENCE ISSUE

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corsetted, high-heeled maid or companion, feminized to the last degree in dress, makeup and all the frills and trimmings.

Yet, like many others, I must admit to skepticism as to the prevalence of such disciplines of feminine superiority. That they exist, I am sure, since I have encountered men who are securely within the sphere of control of such girls . . . and they love it! . . . And there are others - a famous New York exotic dancer comes to mind - who make their viewpoint as a master of men a public matter. But, alas, either those women who would like to rule men are too limited in number, or they are unwilling to defy convention and boldly assume the role. . . for there would seem to be a hundred men ready and willing to be placed in the submissive and obedient role for every aggressive feminist who takes advantage of the fact.

Occasionally one can see a girl in a public place who is obviously of domineering nature. Her clothing; the towering spike heels; the exotic earrings; the tightly corsetted figure; the vivid makeup; the expression of calm superiority and self assurance - all combine to indicate a girl



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## CORRESPONDENCE ISSUE

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who, consciously or unconsciously, considers herself far above the male and one to whom blind devotion, subservience and obedience is due.

But how to meet such girls and let them know that they have found a receptive subject? Surely some means should be devised wherein both parties could wear some item denoting their complementary personalities . . . a certain type of bracelet, ring, watch band - or in the girl's case - a distinctive purse, costume jewelry. . . . Any suggestions?

How about it, readers. . . . Any suggestions? Perhaps the drawing on pg. 55 will spur your imaginations. . . . Ed.

Dear Tana:

I have followed your career since I first saw you perform in a local night-club. To me you are the epitome of beauty and allure. . . . not only for your face and figure alone, but in the way you walk, talk, dress . . . yes,

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## CORRESPONDENCE ISSUE

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especially in the way you dress. The leather dresses and skirts, the tight corsets, the high boots and the wonderful spike-heeled shoes all contribute to the "Modern Venus in Furs" - Tana Louise.

R.M., Cincinnati, Ohio

We are inclined to agree with you. Since Miss Louise joined our staff, we have all felt much the same as you expressed in your letter. The photo below shows Tana modelling a new type of shoe for a national magazine. These "Topless Shoes" are attached to the soles of the feet by two adhesive tapes which are



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CORRESPONDENCE ISSUE

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supplied with the shoes. Actually, these tapes - sticky on both sides - keep the shoes firmly in place until they are peeled off. . . . Ed.

Dear Ed:

Ever since first reading your wonderful little magazine, I have meant to drop you a line, but somehow never got around to it. Last week, however, my husband brought me home a new corset and I knew I would have to send you a photo of it.

As you can see in the accompanying shot, it is made entirely of shiny, black patent leather and clamps my waist and hips in as tightly as a vise. My normally 26-inch waist is brought down to exactly 18-in, and my rather large hips (39-in.) are whittled down to just under 35. The result, as you can see is quite like the desired "Hour-Glass". . . .

I also received a new pair of black, knee-length lace-up boots with  $4\frac{1}{2}$  inch heels. These, my husband explained, he discovered in an old second-hand shop, but are in excellent condition.

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CORRESPONDENCE ISSUE

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ion.

These photos aren't too good, but I'll have some better ones for you by the next issue. In the meantime, you have my permission to use these as you see fit.

Mrs. R.G., London, Eng.





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CORRESPONDENCE ISSUE

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Dear Ed:

I am enclosing a photo of my wife who passed away some fifteen years ago. Since that time I have only had the memory of her to keep me going. I tried to re-marry once, but this ended up in failure.

My wife was an ardent devotee of boots, gloves and corsets . . . especially if they were made of soft and supple leather. She had in her closet at least a dozen or more corsets and that many more pairs of boots - both knee and thigh-length.

In the accompanying photograph she is wearing her - and my - favorite costume. . . . The boots are of the button type with heels that measured almost six inches. The leather



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## CORRESPONDENCE ISSUE

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corset was made by one of Europe's top craftsman and measured 17-inches at the waist. If you look closely, you will note a matching neck-band which also laced up the back and served to improve her posture.

I have spent many years looking and hoping to find another woman who could take her place, but to no avail. I'll keep trying, however, until I too am put away to rest.

G.W., Melbourne, Australia

Thank you for this amazing and interesting photo. We can well understand your pain in losing such a woman, but don't give up, there is still another woman somewhere. . . . just waiting. . . . Ed.

Well, thats about the end . . . . for this issue at least. Drop us a line and let us know if you like this type of issue. After all it is written by you the reader - and for you. We have no way of knowing your likes and dislikes unless you write us. Keep the letters coming. . . . .

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